

THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY.

Publication Office:
724 FIFTEENTH STREET NORTHWEST.

Entered as second-class matter, October 5, 1906, at
the post-office at Washington, D. C., under act of
Congress of March 3, 1879.

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Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

The Washington Herald is delivered by carrier in
the District of Columbia and at Alexandria, Va.,
at 25 cents per month, daily and Sunday, or at
25 cents per month without the Sunday issue.

Subscription Rates by Mail.
Daily and Sunday, . . . 35 cents per month
Daily and Sunday, . . . \$4.25 per year
Daily, without Sunday, . . . 25 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday, . . . \$3.00 per year

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All communications intended for this paper,
whether for the daily or Sunday edition, should be
addressed to THE WASHINGTON HERALD.

New York Office, Nassau-Breeman Bldg., LaCorte &
Maxwell, Managers.

Chicago Office, Marquette Bldg., LaCorte & Maxwell, Managers.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1906.

Mr. Gompers is Satisfied.

President Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, for whom this newspaper entertains high respect, must possess an easy-going mind if he is satisfied, as reports indicate, with the result of the elections.

Mr. Gompers did not achieve a political victory in any Congressional district. On the other hand, the men who were especially marked for slaughter emerged from the conflict with increased majorities. This is especially true of Speaker Cannon, who, in his speech at Danville upon the occasion of his renomination, met Mr. Gompers with a defiant declaration, and who has been returned to Congress with a larger majority than he enjoyed two years ago.

The fact is that in the history of this country no attempt to convert organized labor into a vast political machine has ever succeeded. Our laboring men are too independent and intelligent to be led into any movement of that kind. Experience has shown that they vote patriotically and with excellent judgment, but they will not sacrifice their independence. It is a good thing that this is so. Their organization is the stronger for it. In the campaign just closed Mr. Gompers did not display the qualities of leadership formerly characteristic of the man. Indeed, the results of the election indicate the Federation itself was quick to discover the unwisdom of the movement, whatever the merits of the cases of which he made issue.

Mr. Gompers is not alone in his satisfaction. It is shared by the entire country, and doubtless by the Federation, even though the point of view is not the same.

Congressman Landis must look upon the Longworth gun as pretty much in the same class as the old negro's rabbit annihilator—a good deal worse on the kick than the shoot. Congressman Fred is the Landis referred to.

Monopoly and the Government.

The action about to be commenced by the government against the Standard Oil Company and the proposed inquiry into the Harriman railroad combination by the Interstate Commerce Commission suggest a consideration of the principles underlying government relations to monopolies, whether of industry, commerce, or transportation. Two somewhat different methods of procedure against monopolistic combinations have been advocated by anti-trust writers and speakers and put in practice by governmental agencies. One method seeks the destruction of the monopoly by the overthrow or dissolution of the combination and the rehabilitation of the competitive conditions existing prior to the organization of the monopoly; while the other method is that of governmental regulation of the monopoly in order to secure fair dealing and equitable competition. The procedure of the Northern Securities Company and the contemplated action against the Standard Oil Company afford examples of the first method, and railroad rate legislation an example of the second.

It may well be asked whether there is not a serious waste of public energy in dealing with monopoly by means of separate and somewhat antagonistic methods. If it be proposed to regulate railway rates and to fix by statute the relations of railways and the public, what difference does it make whether the Harriman owns half a dozen railway systems or all of them? If railways refuse rebates and treat all their shippers with fairness, of what consequence is it to the shippers whether railway policy is dictated by twenty men or by only two or three? If the Standard Oil Company sells its products at a reasonable price and refrains from strangling its rivals, what harm is done by the corporate ownership of fifty subsidiary companies? In a word, does the real objection to combinations of capital consist in combination or in the unlawful and extortionate practices which combination of capital enables capitalists to maintain?

The answer to this question, if one could be agreed upon, would furnish a safe guide for public policy respecting monopolies. The government has acted in certain cases on the theory that a combination was in itself dangerous, as tending to stifle competition and restrain trade, but has not always been successful in restoring competitive conditions, even when the combination was dissolved. In the Northern Securities case, what the government prevented was a stock-piling operation; it has not been able to stop the operation of nominally competing railway lines by substantially the same owners under a harmonious policy. Similarly, the interstate commerce law forbids pooling, and traffic associations have been broken up by the courts, but it has been impossible to restore old competitive conditions in railway management. So, while the government may be able to dissolve the Standard Oil Company, it will not necessarily follow that the monopoly itself has been abolished or that it will be deprived of power to injure its rivals. The corporation will simply find some other way of keeping its interests together.

The solution is more likely to be found in government regulation than in destruction of monopoly. Instructive examples of such regulation are found in various public utilities, such as telephone and street railway service and the supply of water and light, where by common consent monopolies are permitted to exist under certain restrictions in the public interest. That governmental control of

monopolies is possible without unduly enlarging the field of state activity or interfering with the centralization of industry and the use of immense capitals is the opinion of many thoughtful publicists. Even Mr. Bryan differentiates good and bad trusts, and would not wield the besom of destruction indiscriminately.

Prof. J. B. Clark, of Columbia, in a little book published a few years ago, suggested a policy with relation to trusts that would welcome centralization but repress monopoly. "It allows mills and shops to grow large and to combine with each other, for the sake of the economy which this growth insures; but it puts a stop on some sort of the power that is thus gained. It yields nothing to monopoly, but employs the statute-making power to strengthen in every way the condemnation that the common law pronounces on it. Its purpose is to blend efficiency in production with equity in distribution, insuring to the country that shall succeed in carrying out the policy a wealth-creating power which will tell greatly in international rivalries and will be gained without sacrificing the rights of any class of its citizens."

Along some such lines as these our governments may confidently proceed in their efforts to curb the power of monopoly. What we need is a clearer conception of a consistent policy that shall neither hamper our industrial and commercial development nor endanger the integrity of our political institutions.

Of course, Mr. Bryan will not fail to turn the column rolls in memory of his friend, William Randolph Hearst, when the next issue of the Commoner goes to press.

Woes of the Auto Fend.

The real inwardness of the chauffeurs' strike in New York, now gradually coming to light, presents some striking peculiarities. One of the aggrieved motor car drivers says that the real reason for the strike is simply because the owners of the machines are entirely too "stingy" with tips—in fact, so stingy that the business offers little inducement to men able to intelligently manage an automobile.

One chauffeur cites the case of the late William C. Whitney. In "The good old long ago," crediting Mr. Whitney with frequent bestowals of "as much as \$100," to show the striking contrast between the days of auld lang syne and the present time of auld lang syne and the present time, Mr. Thomas Ryan is cited as "one who never gives anything worth mentioning at all." Thus it is evident that the strike is not aimed at the manufacturers of automobiles, but rather at the owners of machines.

For the owners of an automobile, per se, are accustomed to no unkind feelings from the general public has no unkind feelings at all. That he is a human being, entitled to the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, is freely acknowledged. When not in his auto, he is as good a fellow as any other average good fellow, and all of that. However, to the ordinary, everyday man who has to spend divers and sundry minutes of his good and valuable time dodging the flyers and side-stepping the scooters, the present situation is not without its amusing aspects. Accustomed as we are, to look upon the happy possessor of a machine as one of the unusually blessed and contented atoms of the universe, we have dodged and skipped and scampered away without undue back talk and complaint. Down in our hearts, however, we have sometimes wished, nay, hoped, that "something" not violent or inhuman, but still "something" pretty strenuous and stout, would "happen to that fellow."

The present situation will be pleasing to auto-enthusiasts. The man with the auto will have to "loosen up" for the man who really does the scorching. The man behind the tips must know how to the man behind the wheel.

The New York World says the Constitution prohibits the President leaving the United States. We never suspected that the Constitution of the United States prohibited any such thing, but perhaps that isn't the Constitution to which the World refers.

The Health of Washington.

The annual report of the health officer affords an opportunity for a few plain observations regarding the health of Washington. There is no apparent reason why this city should not be one of the most healthy, if not the most healthy, in the country. We have an expensive health office, well equipped with a large force of inspectors, and with expert investigators constantly being added to the payroll. The health officer has been in his position for many years, and his numerous demands for increased facilities and assistants have, in the main, been generously granted. Innumerable regulations designed to improve sanitary conditions have been enacted, and, with the aid of a vigilant and effective police force, have been enforced. We were told long ago that the erection of a filtration plant would practically eliminate typhoid fever. The plant was constructed at a cost of \$3,000,000, and last summer there were more cases of typhoid fever than before. Another excuse for the high death rate here was that a very large proportion of the colored population lived in crowded and unhealthy alleys, and that it was unsafe to charge the entire city with the fatalities incident to the condition. The health officer, however, is compelled by the statistics which confront him to admit that this excuse has no foundation.

"The figures," he says, with evident reluctance, "effectually dispose of the possible objection that the colored death rate is high because of the effect of alley life on the large number of colored people living in such places."

The prevalence of tuberculosis in Washington is another problem which the health office seems unable to solve. Provision has now been made to erect a municipal hospital for tuberculosis patients, and the isolation and treatment of cases existing among the poorer classes may result in a decrease of the plague. In this matter, as in the typhoid situation, we can only hope for the best.

It is the opinion of many people that the question of the purity of the milk brought into the city and the cleanliness of the surroundings upon dairy farms does not receive that earnest and thorough attention which its importance demands. It is all very well for us to pat our selves on the back and felicitate one another upon our excellent government. It is a good government, honest and clean, and well intentioned, but this does not tend us to the fact that there are some things which would like to see improved. One of these things is a betterment of the health conditions here. If a man is known by his works, then the record of the health officer is not greatly to his credit. If it is a question of theoretical rather than practical administration, some one in authority ought to guide him into new paths. Washington should not be compelled annually to present the figures which reflect so unpleasantly upon our sanitary conditions. We are entitled to make a better showing year by year, instead of being forced to submit to condi-

tions which seem to baffle and paralyze our health authorities.

That elephant ranch was only established in Texas a few short months ago, and already one county has gone Republican.

Mistaken for a Deer.

Some day a bright young man will write a literary trifle entitled "How It Feels to Be Mistaken for a Deer," and wake up the next morning in the sparkling company of Mark Twain, George Ade, and Dudley. Necessarily he will be one whose hide has never been peppered by the prowling deer hunter; for the individual who has actually been mistaken for a deer, however sprightly of wit before the catastrophe, will never again be in the proper frame of mind to give the subject the festive and yet judicious treatment it deserves. Like the Shakespearean poet, his mind must of imagination be compact, with no harsh reminders of the actual wounds in the shape of shot secreted in the fleshy portions of his anatomy.

There is not yet sufficient data at hand upon which to base a comparison of the deer-hunting death rate of 1905 with that of other years. The subject is a live one at this season, however—especially when the gentleman who could tell us most about it happens to be a dead one—and it behooves the press of the land to keep up the agitation in behalf of the quail deer with malice toward none and avoidance of undue levity as far as circumstances will permit.

In the meantime, it remains for the imaginative artist to do full justice to the feelings of the man who has been mistaken for a deer, and possibly eliminate in a sudden flash of genius the modern terrors of the woods. As we have already suggested, he will not write from actual experience. It would be impossible for any writer to treat the topic with dispassionate breadth and nicety, having once heard the ping of the sporting bullet, which falls to discriminate between its proper billet and a mere man. His thoughts revolve around a fixed idea—that the woods are full of blundering idiots at the wrong end of the gun.

That whirring, buzzing sound you hear is just the house-cleaning brigade getting things in shape for Presidential inspection down in Panama.

A little plant grows in Mexico that is said to be a deadly weed, a prophet, Luther Burbank must discover some way to graft it onto the weather bureau?

No wedding bells for New Mexico and Arizona!

Why not bunch up the few remaining precedents now at large, let Mr. Roosevelt break them all at once, and get through with the argument?

Mr. Cleveland is opposed to simplified spelling. The longer and the more difficult to spell they are, the better it suits the former President.

A Chicago man filed a suit for \$100 damages the other day, but when he learned that it was to be tried before a jury of women he marked it down to \$20.

London is in debt over a billion dollars. In fact, London seems to be the Boni de Castellane of cities.

An Indianapolis bank cashier has disappeared, and his accounts are so straight that his friends are not at all alarmed about his failure to reappear.

The Chicago baseball players divided \$30,000 among themselves as the results of the season's winnings. This is calculated to still further decrease the small boy's respect for his chances to become President.

If Belgium only understood the already nerve-racked and tensely anxious condition of Capt. Hobson, she surely would put off the construction of her proposed big navy for a short time at least.

According to a Virginia exchange, a woman was lately "kicked" out of a grocery store recently, doing considerable damage. Probably didn't have its lid on straight.

Perhaps Mr. Croker sent that cable message just to show the boys that he still understood how to work the wires for a sure thing.

"Common sense ballooning" is the topic of an editorial in the Philadelphia Press. Still, the New York election shows that it wasn't ballooning quite as extensively as some people thought.

"Presbyterians pray for preachers," says the Atlanta Georgian. Evidently Atlanta's effort to land a few preachers is getting to the extreme stage.

Whenever Miss Democracy begins humming "Waltz me around again, Willie," Mr. Bryan knows just which Willie she means!

A woman with four hands has been discovered in Central Africa. There is doubtless nobody in her neighborhood who can have as good a time on bargain days as she can.

Maxim Gorky will fire three volumes of criticism at us when he gets settled down at home. However, we cannot afford to worry over that Maxim pop-gun.

Forty-two States have got through with their elections. That limits the immediate operations of real trouble to the remaining three.

On the whole, we should say that French counts are decidedly at a discount.

"The political drama is interesting," notes a contemporary. Well, perhaps it would be if it were not for the horse play and the slap-stick comedians.

The English papers are still discussing the exciting race between Mr. Murphy and Mr. Hearst for the presidency of New York.

"Lynchers beat State troops," says an Atlanta headline. What for? The troops wouldn't hurt them for the world.

The Kaiser is trying to reform Prince Albrecht by marrying him. That's an old trick, but it seldom works.

Mr. Patrick J. McCarthy has been elected mayor of Providence, R. I. Give a man a real, good Irish name like that, and Providence will generally take care of him.

That boiler tube scandal has brought forth a Federal indictment with thirty counts in it, and some of them are said to be almost as bad as Boni.

It's an ill wind that blows no good. The New York American is happily relieved of the embarrassment of not having any type big enough for all purposes these days.

Tom Watson, who recently returned to the Democratic party, wired a friend the other day, "I don't want any office." It doesn't look like the Democratic party has any to spare, anyhow.

"Gang politics all over the country got it where the chicken," &c., says the Indianapolis News. Yes, indeed; Pennsylvania, for instance.

Secretary Bonaparte designates the trusts "hogs in a pen." They are hogs, we suppose, but as yet the pen is only yawning for them.

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER.

THE MOTHER.
A book unheeded in her lap, she sits, with
dreading eyes.

And looks from the window at the
distant hills that rise—
Yet soon she crosses all the hills and finds
a pathway straight
To where the children clamber on the
slopes of the hills.

To where the children hall her with their
shouts of wondrous glee.
Yet still the book, unheeded, lies half-
open on her knee.

And far from out the window bends the
sky in hazy blue,
And she fares forth upon a road that
leads the meadows through,
That hurries down the city streets until
she finds a door.

Which opens to her gentle knock; and
then, as oft of yore,
She hears the laughter of her boy, she
sighs when he grieves.

Yet still the book is lying with her hand
between the leaves.

And now she goes another way, where
mountains touch the sky;
She treads the forest fastnesses until she
draws a sigh.

The little cottage where her girl has
learned to make a home,
Where in the distance on the sea, are
gleams of uplifting foam;

And for a while they speak of all the
joys that used to be—
Yet still the book, unheeded, lies half-
open on her knee.

And so she fares till sunset, she goes far
and far away;
But always finds her haven at the ending
of the day.

And takes her book and idly at the open-
ed pages peeps
With eyes that have the softness that is
caused by unshed tears.

And sometimes she will murmur low, and
sometimes she will smile,
For out and over all the land her heart
has been the while.

FOR THE SAKE OF COMPANY.
"How is this, Jones? I hear that you
have rented a haunted house, one that
you have deserted and shunned for twenty
years," says the friend.

"It's a fact," Jones replies. "You see,
we have to live in the suburbs, and my
wife is always complaining of the lone-
some of my places. Now we'll all
ways have company."

FOREORDAINED.
"Yes, dear," says the beauteous young
widow after the helpless-appearing man
has proposed and has been accepted.

"Yes, dear, I just knew that we were made
for each other, and that fate had destined
us to marry. Did not you have some such
presentiment?"

"Something like that," agrees the mere
man. "It wasn't a day after you had
come here, but I felt that I had met
at the club told me they'd be ten to one
you landed me before the year was out."

WILBUR NESBIT.
(Copyright, 1906, by W. D. Nesbit.)

A LITTLE NONSENSE.
DISBANDED.
Now back onto New York he hies,
You query:
Upon the roughest railroad ties?
I shall not say, but I surmise
He's weary.

And back onto New York she goes,
The reason?
Her vehicle: "A Woman's Woes."
Has sadly brought unto a close
Its season.

Stinky Root.
"Root's speech did it, don't you think?"
"Sure, I think. Why didn't he make an
other speech and save the rest of the
ticket?"

You Can't Beat 'em.
"They said that we would never be
happy," moaned the young bride.
"But you are happy."
"But now they say it won't last."

Perfectly Intelligible.
"Officer, it is claimed that this gentle-
man was so drunk when you picked him
up last he could not tell his own name. Is
that so?"

"It is not, sir. He told me that his
name was Norval, sir, and he also in-
formed me that his father is in the sheep
business in the Grampian hills."

Solid Comfort.
The fire's ablaze;
We're at our ease.
Oh, blithesome days!
"Some white meat, please."

The School.
"How do you get those clinging ways?"
asked the country cousin.
"Hanging from street car straps,"
answered the city girl.

Genuine.
The curtain went up on the Siberian
scene.
"Those howls sound very real," com-
mented the critic. "That's the real thing
in howls. Best I've ever heard."

"Ought to be," responded the stage man-
ager. "That's our angel. He's busted."

Big Gun Gone Wrong.
From Popular Mechanics.
The biggest gun in the world, and
which, as might be expected, was inven-
ted and built in Great Britain, has defi-
nitely been declared unsafe, and will go to
the scrap heap. As only one of these
mammoth was built, and that as an ex-
periment, the loss is comparatively small,
even though it is about \$100,000. This gun
was constructed to shoot a 16-inch pro-
jectile a distance of twenty-one miles,
even though it would be impossible
ever to hit a mark at such range. The
big gun was found to be unsafe after a
few firings, and really was as danger-
ous to its own folk as it was expected
to be to an enemy. Twelve-inch guns
are likely to be the limit for a long time,
and certainly until some gun metal not
now known is discovered.

Pre-eminent.
From the Philadelphia Telegraph.
Adam looked at his helpmeet thought-
fully.

"Well," he said in his emphatic way,
"there's certainly one honor that is in-
disputably yours, my dear."

"And what honor is that, Ad?" queried
his first mother.

"Nobody can dispute the claim that
you are the first lady in the land," he
said.

Good Reason.
From Punch.
Dick looking at picture book—I wonder
what the Noahs did with themselves all
day long in the ark?

Mabel—Fished. I should think.
Bobbie—They didn't fish for long.
Dick and Mabel—Why not?
Bobbie—Well, you see, there were only
two worms!

His Money's Worth.
From Harper's Weekly.
Laundryman—I regret to tell you, sir,
that one of your shirts is lost.
Customer—But here I have just paid you
12 cents for doing it up.

Laundryman—Quite right, sir; we laun-
dered it before we lost it.

CONFIRMING HIS CLAIM.
"I came to this town a barefoot boy."
"Said the owner on the Square."
"That's true, I know," yelled a man below:
"You was born in the block over there."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Sibley's Lubricating Oil.
The announcement that the Standard
Oil Company has determined to raise the
wages of all of its great army of em-
ployees, and that this new policy has been
inaugurated by one of the Standard's sub-
sidiary concerns, the Galena Oil Company,
at Frankfort, Pa., contains the first public
statement of the kind that the Galena is
the property of the Standard.

For many years the fiction was main-
tained that the Galena was wholly un-
connected with the giant corporation, and
that it was the sole property of the
Hon. Joseph C. Sibley, Maj. Gen. Miller,
of the Pennsylvania militia, and their
associates. In nearly every campaign Mr.
Sibley made for Congress, both while he
was a Democrat and after he turned Re-
publican, the question of the ownership
of this concern was an issue.

The Galena company made Mr. Sibley and Gen.
Miller enormously rich before they sold
a majority of its stock to the Standard.
It manufactures lubricating oil only, and
for many years has had contracts with
the leading railroads of the country, out-
of which great profits have been made.

Early last winter Mr. Sibley announced
that he would not be a candidate for
Congress. At the expiration of his
present term in the House he will retire
to private life, and expects to put in most
of his time traveling. He spent a large
amount of money in improving his estate
in Florida, which he will occupy as a
winter residence when in this country.

He also has a big horse farm in the
Blue-grass region of Kentucky, close
to the one owned by his great chum, Sen-
ator Bailey, of Texas.

Senator Morgan's Re-election.
According to the careful account kept
by himself of his campaign expenses, it
has cost the Hon. John Tyler Morgan ex-
actly \$60 to be assured of re-election to
the Senate by the Alabama legislature
that will assemble next winter.

It is believed that no other living
American statesman can show as small
cost to himself or friends in the conduct
of a political campaign. With the open-
ing of the Sixtieth Congress, Senator
Morgan's sixth consecutive term will be-
gin. He is now eighty-two years old, but
is as vigorous of intellect as any member
of Congress. His physical strength is
well preserved, too, and the great host
of admirers of this splendid representative
of the old school statesmen

are confident that he will round out six
full terms in the Senate—a record of
service that would be unsurpassed in the
history of the country. Senator
Allison is now in the middle of his sixth
term, but the Iowa is in feeble health.
Gen. Cockrell, of Missouri, now a member
of the Interstate Commerce Commission,
and who is in feeble health, would have
been in the middle of his sixth term had
not the accident carried the Missouri
legislature in the Roosevelt landslide of
1904. Thus, Senator Morgan gives promise
of beating all records in the matter of
continuous service in the Senate.

Another Rising Root.
Secretary Root received a visit a few
days ago from his nephew, Oren Root,
vice president and general manager of
the Metropolitan Street Railroad Company
of New York. Oren Root is one of the
most notable products of present-day in-
dustrial conditions. He is scarcely more
than thirty years old, and occupies one
of the most responsible and remunerative
positions in the United States. Graduating
at Hamilton College, the alma mater of
all the Roots, and the home of many of
them, various members of the family
having held professorships there, young
Root found his elder brother, Walstein,
in St. Louis, in 1894. Walstein was then,
as now, a newspaper man, and his young
brother desired to be a journalist. He
was finally dissuaded from doing so, how-
ever, and after the usual hardships of the
young collegiate starting in life without
money, he went to New York City.

His distinguished uncle was then the general
manager of the Metropolitan Street Rail-
road Company. To him Oren applied for
a position. The uncle surprised the ambi-
tious nephew by telling him that if he
wanted to go to work he might be able
to get him a job in the city.

The young grift of the Roots, however,
the youngster accepted the situation, and
in two days was wearing the uniform of
the Metropolitan's operating employees.
After the usual probationary period he
was placed at the front of a car, and he
was a motorman for nearly a year. He
was gradually promoted as he mastered
the details of the business, until he
reached his present position, to which he
is attached a salary of \$10,000 a year and
five figures. There is no harder working
business man in the metropolis to-day
than Oren Root. Known personally to
few people, he is seldom seen in public
places. He seldom goes to the theatre, and
at the head of his bed, so that he can be
called at any hour of the night when his
services may be needed, or may be in-
formed of any occurrence of interest to
the great corporation which he manages.

Proctor a Big Lot Owner.
The return of the Hon. Redfield Proctor
to Washington for the winter was the
occasion the other day for an interesting
statement made about him by an intimate
friend. It was that the Vermont Senator
probably is interested in more city real
estate in the United States than any
other citizen of the country. It is said
that he has made a practice for years of
picking up bargain lots and suburban
property in all parts of the country. For
many years he has been an extensive
traveler, and in his journeys whenever
and wherever he learned of a promising
piece of unimproved property for sale
he has purchased it. He is not
known to have disposed of any of these
purchases, either, though in many cases
he has improved the property, and is now
drawing good dividends from the invest-
ments. It is believed that his estate is
one of the largest owned by any member
of the Senate, except, of course, Senator
Clark, of Montana.

He Ousted the Mutual.
That the Mutual Life Insurance Com-
pany ran up against a tight corner when it
undertook to control the vote of its general
agent in Kentucky in the election of the
Peabody ticket is abundantly attested by
the fact that the company has just been
denied the privilege to do business in that
State. Col. Biscoe Hindman is the man
directly responsible for the Mutual's troubles
in the Blue Grass State. He had been
general agent in Kentucky and Tennes-
see for many years, but when Presi-
dent Peabody undertook to tell him how
to vote in the pending reorganization of
the concern he balked. Then when Presi-
dent Peabody threatened him with dis-
missal, Col. Hindman calmly replied that
he could stand that better than the com-
pany could. He immediately took the case
to Insurance Commissioner Prewitt at
Frankfort, with the result that that is
now known. Col. Hindman is not past
forty, but he is one of the most influential
business men of the South. He is an Ar-
kansas by birth, his father having been
an officer of the regular army before the
war, and joined the Confederacy. Col.
Hindman attended West Point while
and finished his education at the Ken-
tucky Military Institute, the alma mater
of John Sharp Williams, the late Gen. H.
V. Boynton, and other men well known
in Washington. He taught mathematics
at